

We have been Banter'd & Bubbld & Cheated & Banter'd & Bubbld.

A SONG

Your melancholly's all a folly, the Peace I'm sure is sign'd, y' French are fort, so
is our Court, and the Dutch must be inclind, what ist to us who's King of Spain, so
we are masters of the main, our Fleet must always the Trade maintain, if we are
not Banter'd and Bubbld and Cheated and Banter'd and Bubbld.

2

We very well know when Marlborough
Did take the Towns in Flanders.
Twas English men did pay for them.
Tho' they put in Dutch Commanders,
So that while we were humbling France,
Hollands power we did advance,
And made 'em great at our expence.
And so we were banter'd &c.

3

We must suppose the Whiggs are foes,
When Treatys they will sign a.
To give the Dutch so plaugy much,
And call it the Barrier Line a.
For how can we great Europe sway,
Or keep the Ballance every way.
I fear we shall pay fort another day.
For we have been banter'd &c.

4

For Liberty and Property
Twas once we us'd to fight,
Gainst Popery and slavery.
We did it with our might
But now the Taxes makes us poor.
The Emperour may swear and roar,
We neither can nor will do more.
For we have been banter'd &c.

5

Fanaticks then are now the men.
Who Kingly power divide.
Their Villany to Monarchy.
Tis makes 'em France deride.
If Hollanders woud choose a King,
As much as now their praises sing.
They then woud Curse and Dam and fling
And cry they were banter'd &c.

6

I swear advnigs the Canting whigs.
Have ran their Knavish race.
The Church and Queen are flourishing.
Now they are in disgrace.
Great Harley he has set us right,
And France will banish Perkinite.
So we're no more the Holland bite.
Nor will we be banter'd and bubbld
And Cheated and banter'd and bubbld.